THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA."—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS | NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, THURSDAY AUGUST 4, 1842. | VOL. 3 NO. 29. WHOLE NO. 133

From the London Metropolitan.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Two young officers belonging to the same Regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colours of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or a more polished address into the drawing room.

Yet there was a marked difference in their characters and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and of them at least concealled his vice so becomingly also, that the maiden who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood as it were between two flowers of very opposite colors and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than out not so beautiful in his features as, Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace was the most agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial; Horace laughed the more with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet she thought the more of Albert. As yet neither of the aspirants had declared himself. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert know that every thing he possessed were at his service. He excepted only his daughter,

When the soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather there was never a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was only fit to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all t his, and submitted. He did not strive to viola te rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and, under the pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times, his forced gaiety, too plainly testified:

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart, like a lamb in a sepulchere, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she had begun to feel creeping into her heart for Albert had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly and as ardent as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free, at least one year. Let us for that period stand committed by no engagement: we are both young myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right."

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments. frightened him into a suspicion of lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis ween Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like a demon of war from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with her veteran breasts: The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the untied forces of France rushed with him to battle,

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist, but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace that they should still hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Mati lda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happines. He had the picture set most ostentatiously in Jewels, and constantly wore it on his person: and his enemies say that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation with respect to Matilda should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly, as the rivalship was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before the break of day, moved forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but enough strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troops welcomed their leader. On, ye brave or!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and they volleying thunder of artillery, mingled in one deafening roar. The smoke cleared away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood swells away from their wounds, and is drank up by the thirsty earth.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo. Matilda and Sir Oliver, were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was now listening in breathless agitation the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently, the list of the dead and maimed.

Can you, my dear girl," said he, tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

"She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder and sobbing out the almost inaudible word, "read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, embracing her father the more closely."

"And our poor friend Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting—as silent as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda, from her father's arms insensibly on the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately as she entered the room, the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

'Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance,' said he, and he immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded, at a farm-house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honorable how came you by the miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming house, at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as the said he gentleman from whom he won it would never pay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet as I admired the painting and saw that the jewels were worth more than he asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture or as some pledge of affection; but I have not had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and is second in command; a high fellow that same Albert.

"Pray, Sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars" said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked grateful at her father for the request.

"O I do not know them minutely" said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not however prevent him from receiving a smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject but when it was seen that the railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seceded to have been forgotten."

Shortly after, the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, while the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might but for family pride, have been her lover, was even in effigy the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear; Sir Oliver wrote him an intelligent letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to this charge—spoke on the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and dispirited that even the insulted Matilda was softened and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposite until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him time to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead on the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harrassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and in all probability, his limb would have been saved and his love preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned; and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father and diffidently by Matilda. She remembered "the broken miniature,' and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was just setting in glorious splendor. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

'Come, Albert, the story of the miniature, said Sir Oliver.

'What! fully, truely, and unreservedly?' said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

'Of course.'

'Offence or no offence,' said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

'Whom could the tale possibly offend?' said Sir Oliver.

'That I am yet to learn. Listen.'

As far as regarded Matilda, the word was wholly superfluous She seemed to have lost every faculty out hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:

'I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—would not attempt to conquer; but my actions, honor bade me control, and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained a miniature of his mistress. Oh, then, then I envied—and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze on the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to me and to the maker.

I had gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was concious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—it was then.

On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and, come to the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The shower of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked around—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory, I trusted to the original of this my bosom companion.'

'She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them.' said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued:

'Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, even my flesh was penetrated and my blood soiled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life shall desert me.'

'May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and preserved a heart so noble?' said Matilda in a low distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own semblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud—'Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long beloved!'

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture bestowing that best boon upon a daughter's love—'A father's heart-felt blessing!'

From the Cincinnati Republican.

TO THOMAS L. HAMER, Esq., ATTORNEY AND DEBTOR OF THE CINCINNATI BANKS.

My Dear Sir: I take up my pen to reply to your third epistle, (a St. Paul might envy your style & Christian fortitude under affliction!] which has just appeared in the Georgetown Standard, and copied into this morning's Republican. I am well, and hope these few lines may find you in the same state of health.

I am gratified to find that you can defend your clients as well as *pay* them on a very *short notice!* Our banking system, in Ohio and throughout the whole Union, has proved itself so virtuous, so well systeatised, so chastely conducted, that it requires a very little stretch of conscience, if they loan liberally, to become their most obsequious defender and apologist. This unimpeached and unimpeachable character of our banks is very fortunate for you at this critical juncture, and no doubt buoys you up beyond the conceivable idea that you can possibly be *suspected* of any other than motives of the purest patriotism and an outstretched philanthrophy qualifying you for a delegate to the *next World's convention*, hence the admirable *temper* you preserve and the *few* personalities you introduce into your last exhibition of skill in the bank gladiatorial ring. It must be vastly amusing to the bankers, whose modesty seldom suffers them to smile in public, to witness your brawny skill in the athletic exercises given you, and equally exhilerating to you to receive their parental pattings on the head with the cry of "well done, faithful and skilful boy." Had you taken the same pains to expose the dire calamity that an inflated banking system was about to bring upon us, by a paralysis felt in every branch of industry, as you are taking to prolong it, unrestricted and unchecked by the wholesome provisions of law which control men who are not bankers, who attempt to prey upon society, you might have had more friends But *fewer dollars*. The banks know *who* to pay, and *how* to pay—they have already squandered millions belonging to widows and orphans, upon purchased sycophants and flatterers, as licentious and corrupt as ever followed at the heels of Cataline. Plunder appears to have been their sole object, as the black catalogue of each exploded bank most sorrowfully confirms. The tears of the disconsolate and the sweat of the laboring millions, robbed of their just reward to pamper an arrogant and privileged order of men who boldly avow their determination not to be held *responsible* for their acts, as other men are, appeal in strains of the most thrilling eloquence to legislative bodies to guard them with all vigilance from future rapine and plunder, such as has left so indelable a disgrace upon our country, and excited the people to acts of indignation and violence terrible to reflect upon. If we desire peace and virtue in our land, we must protect the peaceable and virtuous, from the high handed depredations of incorporated wealth. We should not forget that we are in a country where every man claims equal respect and protection under the constitution and laws knowing no distinction but such as vice and virtue produce. If we lose sight of this great fundamental law in our superior institution, we shall soon be afloat upon the broad sea of strife, anarchy and confusion, which can only be allayed by a monarch with his army of nobles, a standing force of hired soldiery, and a subdued and pauperised populace. Those who are tired of a republic will urge on, of course, a system of laws that would lead to such a state of things, and will force as many ignorantly forward as possible, to the accomplishment of their monstrous and unnatural purposes. Hence we have never found a monarchist or a tory of any grade, but always flow to the support of all laws that go to produce distinctive privileges and legalize *higher* and *lower* orders of society, without any reference to morals or religion, virtue or vice, probity or dishonor.

And here, it is evident, is the starting place of this wide-spread, and to many no doubt very interesting, and on your part, an in-and-out and serpentine, correspondence. The first I ever heard of any difficulty between you and the Democratic party in the State, was on the subject of *individual liability in bankers*. And this seems to be at the bottom of all the troubles yet, however you may have twisted and driven from one point to another.

You, it seems, have ascertained from some quarter, you do not undertake to tell from whom, how, when or where, that the bankers have declared that they will not accept a charter or continue business if they are held like other partners, and all other people, responsible for their acts. The bankers have said it, and that is enough for you, and you straightway tell the people that they must *submit*. Their birthright is held out on one dish and the pottage on the other, and you very kindly (Oh! what humanity!) tell the people that they had better take the pottage. You had tasted the dish yourself, it was very savory, delicious, and why stand about birthrights? Let all the readers of the Republican turn to their bibles and read, by way of refreshment, the history of Esau.

The bankers are very modest men, as we have before stated, and unless they can get the terms to exactly suit themselves, they turn away in very great disgust, and refuse to *benifit their country*. But you set an example for the people and urge them to follow in your footsteps by running after the bankers, catching them by the coat tail and crying out, "For God's sake, gentlemen, stop, do not be offended, we will give you all you ask, just make me a good big loan and it will benefit all the neighborhood round about." We are but in the middle of the first century of our existence, a few grey heads and stout hearts that sacrificed their all to secure us our liberty and independence are still with us, and yet we find degenerate sons who so far forget that this is a government of the whole people, of equal rights and exact justice, that they can be found cheapening away all that is glorious and holy to freemen, for such base, paltry, and ignoble purposes. They talk to us about the depression and hardness of the times—do we not all bewail them and feel them, deeply and sorely, but cannot the banks produce just such times whenever it suits their purposes? We all know they can—we all know and feel that we are at their *benign* mercy;—they know it—and know how to contract and expand to produce the greatest amount of political capital, unless they get too far into a state of collapse. If the bankers, however, find that the people are superior to their schemes, blandishments or oppressions, it will teach them a salutary lesson, that will both benefit them and the country. If the people will bear the rod and the screw, they will of course be liberally applied whenever an object is to be accomplished. They are insolent now, because they believe that they have the people so deeply oppressed that they can drive them to the polls like cattle to the slaughter. It is a vain thought—the spirit of our fathers has not yet flown away.

The broad issue between responsible and irresponsible banking will be made,—it has been made by yourself and the class of the whig leaders and editors that take sides with you. The order has gone forth that the bankers will not be held responsible for their acts as other men. The issue is broad, deep and tangible, and it is useless to talk about other measures of bank regulations or restrictions if this one is unsettled, for on that our opponents rest all their actions. Now let us see where this will lead us; because if we once settle the fact, it is too base to be called principle, that the Legislature has the power, and that it is *right* to *release* one portion of the people from *liability and risk* in their pecuniary transactions, where is it to stop? Will it stop with bankers? Would it be right that it should? Would it be consistent with any man's ideas of justice? Let us look at it.

A. B. and C, are gentlemen of leisure who have money; they have no useful trade and never in their lives thought of making two spears of grass grow where only one grew before, but they desire to try their hand at banking. They have one hundred thousand dollars & apply to the Legislature for a charter to loan out three hundred thousand in promises to pay on demand. They very modestly [for bankers are always modest) tell the Legislature that they are going into a ticklish experiment, hundreds of thousands will be at stake and risk; they have a vast amount of other property that they wish to be released from liability. "If our bank fails,' say they, "we wish the loss to fall upon the people who hold our promises, as the balance of our possessions is ample for our support. If we cannot get this grant from liability, we will not bank at all; you can do as you please, but if you do not please, we will denounce you as a "hard money faction," and enough of other vile epithets to alarm the people and turn them against you." The Legislature being composed of men who think the pottage better than the birthright, and who would faint at the idea of being called "hard money men," grant of course the boon as asked for, and fifty other grants to banks throughout the State follow.

D. E. and F. are merchants, and G. H. and I. are mechanics and tradesmen. The merchants believe that supplying the neighborhood with so many necessaries and comforts of life, is just as respectable and useful as banking, and the risk also as great. The mechanics think that the building of steamboats and houses and temples, in which to worship "the only true and living God," is just as necessary as either of the others, and they, therefore, also, want a chance of experimenting at the expense of the public, and the preservation of their property not involved in that particular business. The Legislature is told by the merchant that "if you do not grant us this exclusion from risk as you did the banker, we wont sell merchandise; your wives shall never have another new dress, nor a new bonnet! If you do not grant what we ask, we will call you the "home made faction," or something else equally monstrous! The mechanic tells the same story—he will build no boats, no houses, no temples of worship, unless put on an equal footing with the banker.

Now what would such a legislature do—too imbecile to do right from the first and on principle, and perhaps too cowardly to continue to do wrong. Take either horn of the dilemma, and to where would such fatal errors lead us? And does any one suppose that in an investigation of this subject—the discussions that are continually exciting a free people, jealous of their rights and of their honor, these questions can be avoided.—What is so great a stimulus to industry, frugality and in all kinds of business, as the continual liability and responsibility of errors and missteps. It is this great check that sustains and restrains business within prudent, just and prosperous limits. Cut away this responsibility and restraint, and bankruptcies would swell to a fearful height. And the correcting influence would aside from the important and never to be yielded principle of equality in a free country, be as powerful in banking as in any other business. It would of course not make all bankers *honest*. He that hopes to live to see that day will hope in vain. But it will draw around the banking business such continued watchings, guards and checks, that robbery and swindling will be in some measure restrained. Bankers, instead of making large swells and loaning hundreds of thousands to a few at great risks, and which generally end in losses,—will extend the theatre of their loans among actual business men, in smaller amounts, and where they are generally safe, though the profits to the bank not equally large. This would be the necessary effect, and most important to the stockholders themselves as the end will prove, if tried. This individual liability seems to be the great head and front of the offending of the last Ohio legislature, to which the banks, through you, their attorney, inform us, they will not submit. But, mark it, the banks will be glad enough to get charters, with this salutary provision, when they ascertain that the people are determined to pass their own laws, and enforce them. The *liability* does not affect the banks until there is a suspension, and a refusal to pay, and the object is to have it so effective as to prevent the possibility of ever witnessing another catastrophe such as we are now passing through. It should be held over the banks as a terror to secure us from the dire calamities held up by you to our view, to mislead the people, and entrap them in the coils from which they are just escaping. We have heard it again and again reiterated, that the banks would accomplish their purposes through the very necessities they have themselves created. That they will attempt this, we have no doubt, for they have been in the political field for years, and there is no prospect now that they will ever leave that field of strife while they have existence. If they are not fighting for themselves they are for a National Bank, or something else of a political and pecuniary character.

The slang with which a great part of your letter abounds, can only recoil on yourself and is a very shallow device to escape from the unpleasant dilemma in which you have found yourself. The pit is one prepared by yourself, and you would preserve the temper you started with in a friendly epistle closing with the brotherly embrace, 'yours in the bonds of democracy 'as *yet*.' I hope the '*as yet*' has not departed, if your temper has. I have given you all scope for *changing*, as I was well aware of your propensities in that way, and in all probability your fourth letter will be as *affectionate* as your second. The fraternal hug you gave in that one, seems to have destroyed your equilibrium, and you fairly startle at the catastrophe around you.—'Our army swore terribly in Flanders.'

Your slang of dictation to the Legislature is as contemptible as your vascillating conduct as a politician is disreputable. The little political character your over estimated talents would ever have acquired for you, has been blured over with treachery to friends and sycophancy to political enemies, disgusting to every man of honest and straight forward purposes. And it is this you call *thinking for yourself*. Most unfortunate *thinker!* Few men have ever stood so much in need of a guardian as yourself. I have stated before, that this is the sixth or seventh time you have undertaken to get up dissensions in the party, that has given you what little political character and importance you possess. Having each time failed, most signally failed, you then crawled back, and because *forgiven*, you turn to it as evidence of your *uniform* democracy.

You speak of attempts to turn you out of the democratic ranks. I should suppose that a man who would attack, and in a most disgraceful manner too, every democratic member of the legislature, the whole democratic press of the state, and ninety nine of every hundred of the democratic party, did not require much *turning out!* You are now in this city, in attendance at the U. S. Court, and I am inclined to think that the whig bankers and whig brokers, from their fondling on you, perfectly understand their man—fully as well as you do yourself. I do not think that you require much more turning, except to turn your misdeeds up to view, and that you are doing just about as well yourself as any body could do for you.

As an instance of your total unworthiness, as a man of honesty or a politician to be trusted, I will refresh *your* mind with a small piece of history. You will recollect that in your speeches at the market house in Columbus, in 1840, in a debate with Gov. Corwin, when speaking of bank reform, you said that the evils of the present system were so deep and so extensive that any reform to be perfect, must be long in its accomplishment—you said, possibly twenty years. In your third epistle, now under consideration, you say that 'from 1835 to to 1841, the democratic party have gone into every electioneering campaign with bank reform on their lips,' a space of seven years, and that is *two* more than truth and *correct* history would warrant. Five years is the true period when bank reform fairly opened, and yet you complain that every thing is not yet accomplished! Put this declaration and that of 1840 together and then I ask whether Thomas L. Hamer stands before the world in any other light than a quibbling pettifogger? I care not whether he was serious in 1840 or 1842, or on both occasions. They show plainly what the declarations of such a man are worth. Insincere in *every* thing, you have *any* thing for the occasion. No wonder that such a man complains of the members of the Legislature carrying out after the election that which was 'shadowed forth' before the election. I am well aware that some men believe that there should be one story for the people before the election, and another for the ear of the Representative after taking his seat. But such men are as unworthy the name of democrat as they are destitute of an honest character. My crime is not for deceiving the people, by preaching one thing to carry an election and another after the election is over, but because I would not lend myself to such 'forty thousand dollar' dictators as T. L Hamer—'men of property,' to aid in, or countenance a betrayal of promise made when the people's votes are wanted. I sustained, not dictated, a resumption of specie payments of our banks, a thorough radical resumption, that put a stop to bank explosions and bank riots, which restored peace, and brought down a most ruinous rate of exchange to a mere nominal value, and which has rectified and improved the currency as fast as could be expected by reasonable or sensible men, from the awful and horrible confusion in which it was previous to the passage of that act.

Against such acts as these you may curse and rail on—your end will be that of a burst up bank, without benefit of [illegible] ors.

As this letter is already too long, I will [illegible] it. I thank the editor of the Republican for offering me a chance to reply. I may trouble myself of another article, as I am [illegible] leaving for Columbus.

Yours in bonds of affliction, for your peculiar situation, S. MEDARY.

NOBLE'S, Cincinnati, July 9, 1842.

'Ah ha,' said the farmer to his Corn.
'Oh *hoe!*' said the corn to the Farmer.